



# FROM THE HORSE'S MOUTH

THAT THING  
DON'T LOOK LIKE  
IT BELONGS IN  
WYOMING...

NOT IN THE  
YEAR OF OUR LORD  
1899, THAT'S  
FOR SURE.



SCRIPT: ANDREW CARTMEL ART: RUSS LEACH COLOUR: JOHN BURNS LETTERS: CAROLINE DUNK





EEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

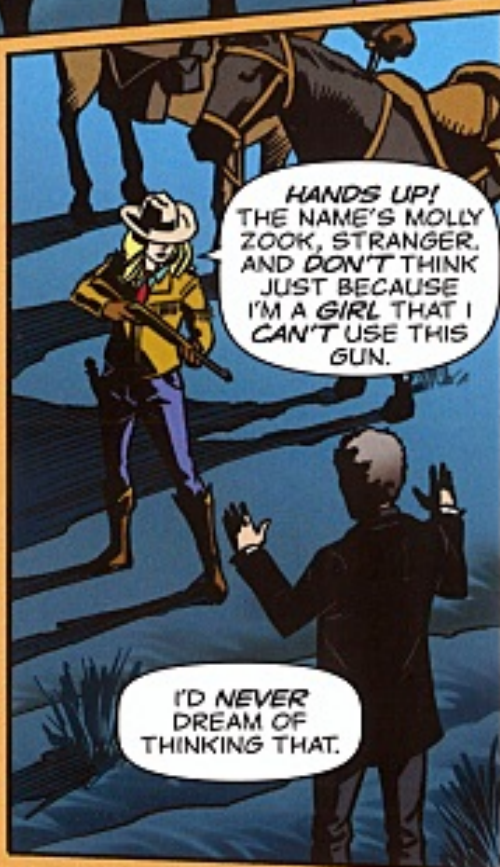
DON'T  
BE SILLY,  
BROWNIE.

WE AIN'T  
SCARED OF  
THAT THING.

NEITHER  
AM I.



INDEED, IT IS  
WHAT BROUGHT  
ME HERE.



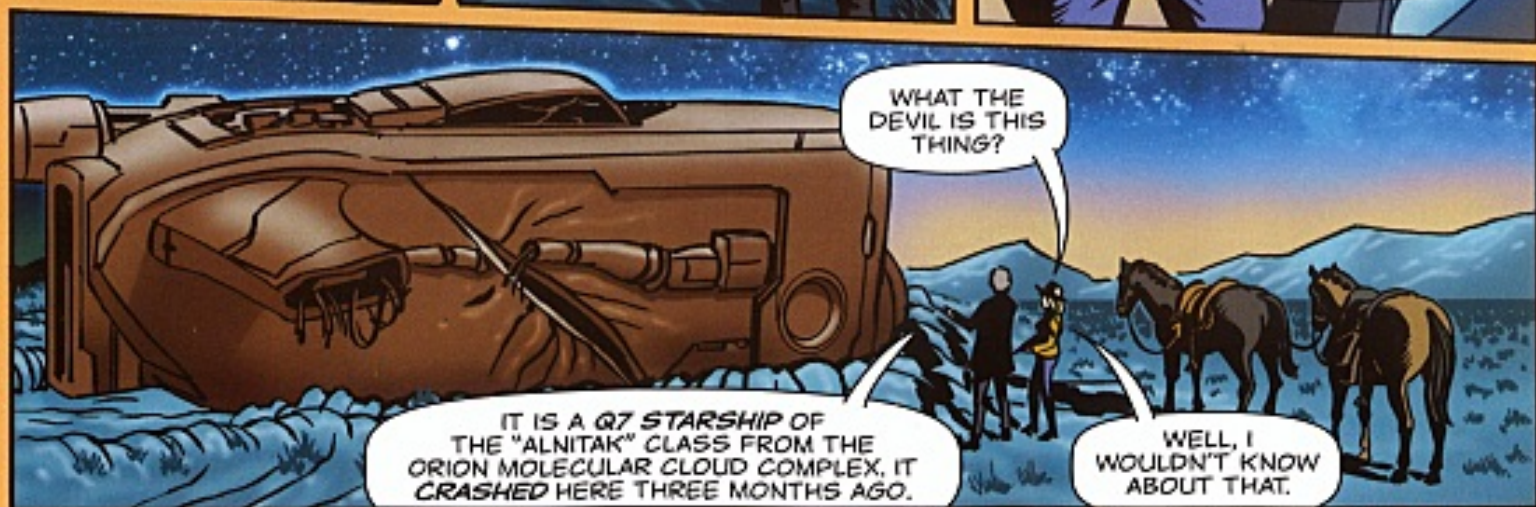
HANDS UP!  
THE NAME'S MOLLY  
ZOOK, STRANGER.  
AND DON'T THINK  
JUST BECAUSE  
I'M A GIRL THAT I  
CAN'T USE THIS  
GUN.

I'D NEVER  
DREAM OF  
THINKING THAT.



I'M A BOUNTY  
HUNTER. I GO  
AFTER NEFARIOUS  
VARMINTS TO  
BRING THEM TO  
JUSTICE.

I'M THE  
DOCTOR. AND AT  
THE MOMENT I AM  
DOING SOMETHING  
SURPRISINGLY  
SIMILAR.



WHAT THE  
DEVIL IS THIS  
THING?

IT IS A Q7 STARSHIP OF  
THE "ALNITAK" CLASS FROM THE  
ORION MOLECULAR CLOUD COMPLEX. IT  
CRASHED HERE THREE MONTHS AGO.

WELL, I  
WOULDN'T KNOW  
ABOUT THAT.





I'M LOOKING FOR A DESPERADO CALLED CLINT CURRIE. I'M GOING TO CAPTURE HIM AND BRING HIM TO JUSTICE!

HERE'S A WANTED POSTER OF HIM. AND ONE OF HIS HORSE.



INTERESTING HORSE. ALL WHITE, WITH THAT DISTINCTIVE MARK ON ITS FOREHEAD.



SO, IS CLINT CURRIE A NOTORIOUS OUTLAW IN THESE PARTS?

NOT UNTIL LATELY HE WASN'T. HE WAS STRICTLY SMALL TIME. NOT TOO BRIGHT, NEITHER.

THEN SUDDENLY HE STARTED PULLING OFF BIG TIME HOLD-UPS. ROBBERIES THAT TAKE A LOT OF PLANNING AND BRAINS



AND WHEN DID THIS BEGIN?

I RECKON ABOUT THREE MONTHS AGO.

WHAT ARE WE DOING HERE?

I'M GOING TO BUY A HORSE. A WHITE HORSE.



NOW ALL WE NEED IS SOME BLACK PAINT.

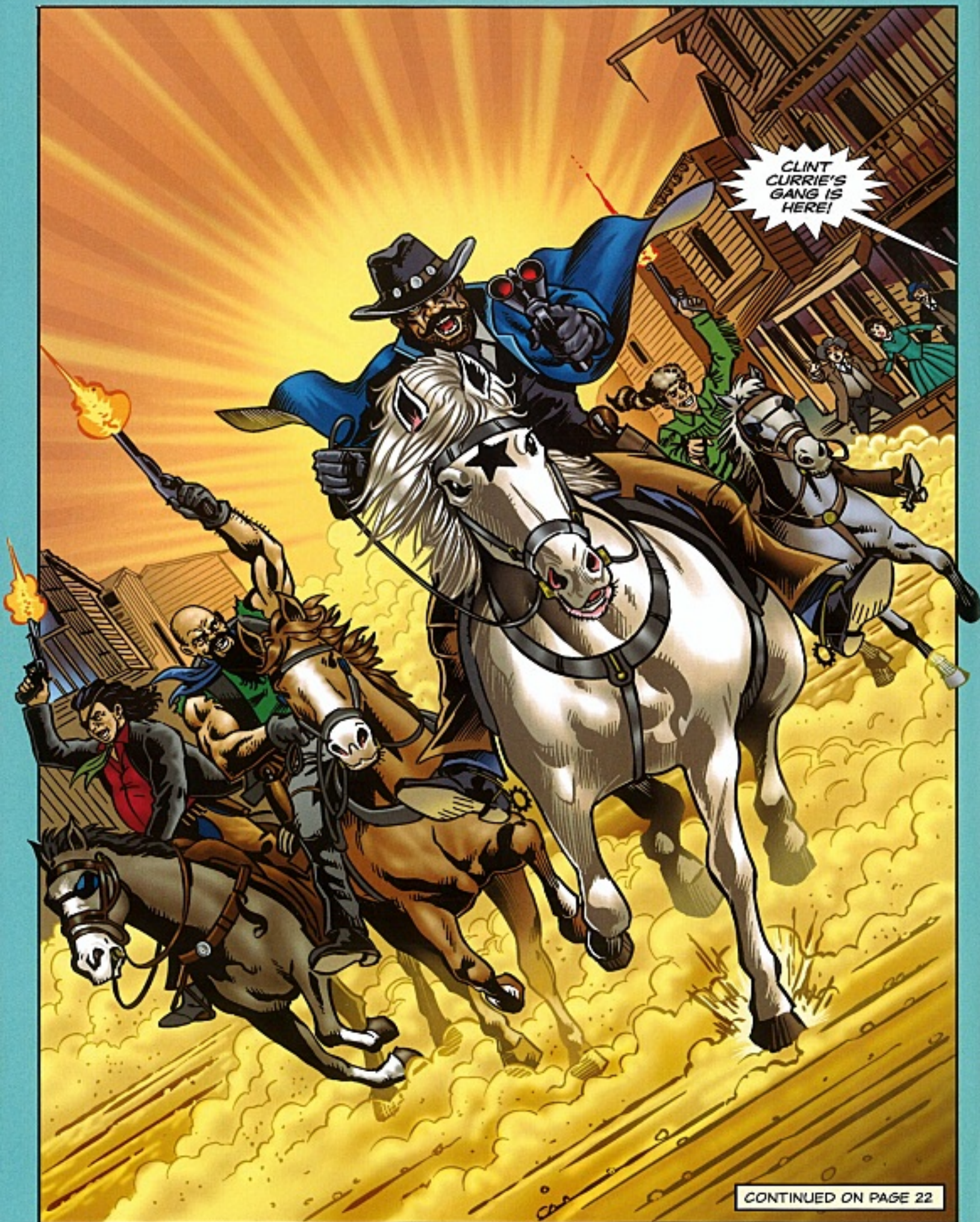
I CAN GUESS WHAT YOU'RE UP TO, DOCTOR...



... BUT I CAN'T FOR THE LIFE OF ME WORK OUT WHY.

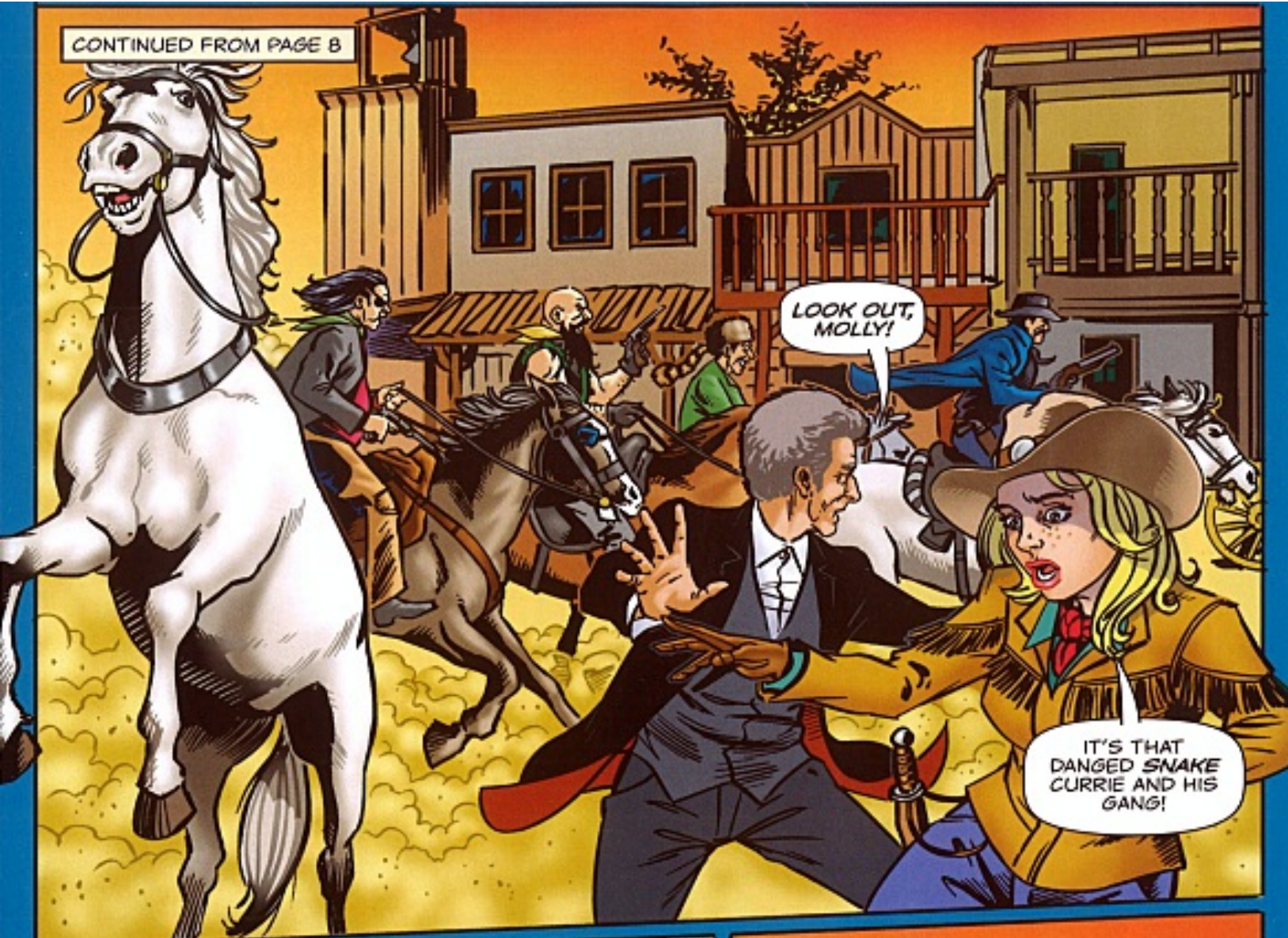
EVERYBODY RUN!





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WELL DONE, DOCTOR. WE GOT CURRIE'S HORSE.

BUT WHY?

HANDS UP!



THAT THERE'S CLINT CURRIE'S HORSE! YOU MUST BE PART OF HIS GANG.

YES TO THE FIRST STATEMENT AND NO TO THE SECOND.

ABOUT TIME YOU SHOWED UP SHERIFF! CURRIE'S GANG IS ROBBING YOUR BANK.

THEY'LL GET CLEAN AWAY.



NO DANGER OF THAT. WE'VE GOT THE PLACE SURROUNDED.

AS SOON AS CURRIE AND HIS GANG COME OUT OF THE BANK, WE'VE GOT THEM.

THEY AREN'T GOING TO COME OUT OF THE BANK, BECAUSE THEY'RE NOT IN THERE.



WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

THE BANK WAS JUST A DIVERSION, TO KEEP YOU BUSY.

CURRIE IS AFTER A MUCH BIGGER PRIZE. WHERE THE BANK GETS ITS GOLD...



THE TRAIN?





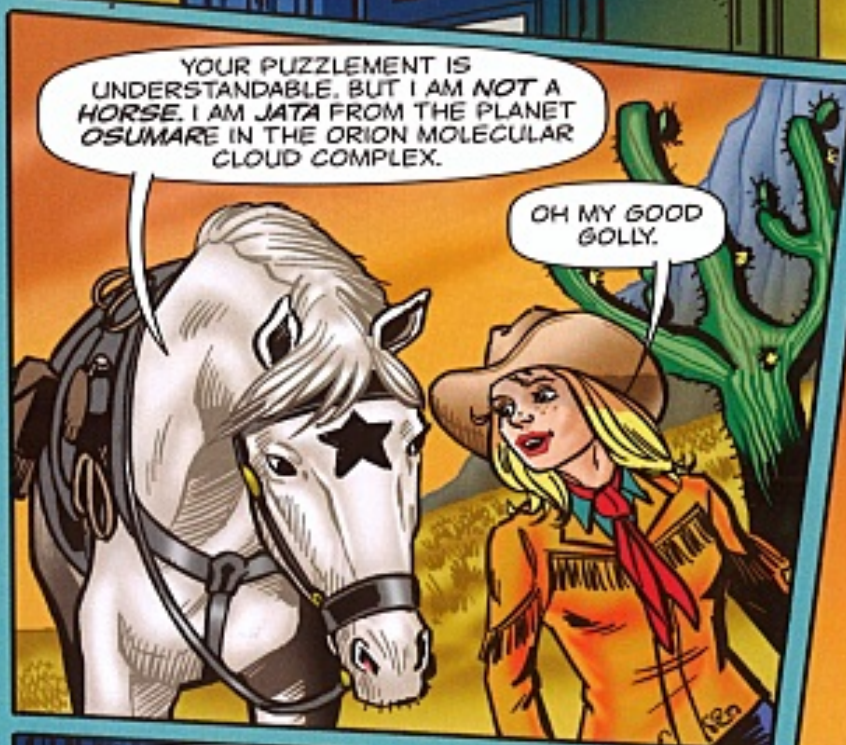




I DON'T SEE HOW THAT OAF CURRIE COULD EVER HAVE MISTAKEN SUCH AN INFERIOR SPECIMEN FOR ME. STILL, VERY CLEVER, DOCTOR.

THANK YOU.

I JUST CAN'T GET OVER IT... A TALKING HORSE.



YOUR PUZZLEMENT IS UNDERSTANDABLE, BUT I AM NOT A HORSE. I AM JATA FROM THE PLANET OSUMARE IN THE ORION MOLECULAR CLOUD COMPLEX.

OH MY GOOD GOLLY.



WHEN MY SPACE SHIP CRASHED HERE I HAD TO MAKE THE BEST OF IT ON THIS BARBARIC WORLD.

SO I HELPED THE FOOLISH MR CURRIE. AT LEAST HE FED ME WELL... HAVE YOU GOT AN APPLE, BY ANY CHANCE?



I FEAR YOUR SHIP IS DAMAGED BEYOND REPAIR, JATA. SO I'LL HAVE TO TAKE YOU HOME IN THE TARDIS.

YOU ARE TOO KIND, DOCTOR.



THINGS WON'T BE THE SAME AROUND HERE WITHOUT YOU.



THE END